

THREE MILES FROM THE
HYRKANIAN BORDER.

I WOULD NOT SPILL THE
BLOOD MY OWN COUNTRYMEN,
EVEN "MEN" IS A GENEROUS
DEFINITION FOR SWINE IN
HOBNAILED BOOTS--

SO FOR THE
LAST THRICE-DAMNED
TIME--

SURRENDER!



IT'S YOU
WHO SHOULD
SURRENDER,
YOU HARPY, AND
BEG THE MERCY
OF THE KING!

WE ARE HIS
BLACK TALONS,
WE WILL NEVER--

AH!



NEVER YIELD!

OOF!



DEATH BEFORE DISGRACING THE FALCON THRONE!



DEATH BEFORE FAILING KING--

!!

WHAM



OH, SHUT UP.



WHOMP



IF YOU PITIED THESE **TREACHEROUS DESERTERS** SO MUCH, YOU MAY HAVE THE HONOR OF HEARING THEIR LAST WORDS.



AAAAH!!
PAPA!!
MAMA!!



AHH!



I SERVE **HYRKANIA!** I SERVE THE KING!
I WILL NOT STOP!



HYRKANIA WILL RISE! **HYRKANIA WILL REIGN!**
WE ARE DESTINED!! I AM DESTINED!!





I SERVE
THE FALCON
THRONE!

CRASH



THEY WOULD RATHER
DIE THAN YIELD.

EVEN HAMSTRUNG
AND LIMPING AND
OUT OF THE FIGHT...



ALL FOR THE
KING ON THIS
FALCON
THRONE.



HE'D RATHER
FALL ON MY BLADE
THAN FAIL.

